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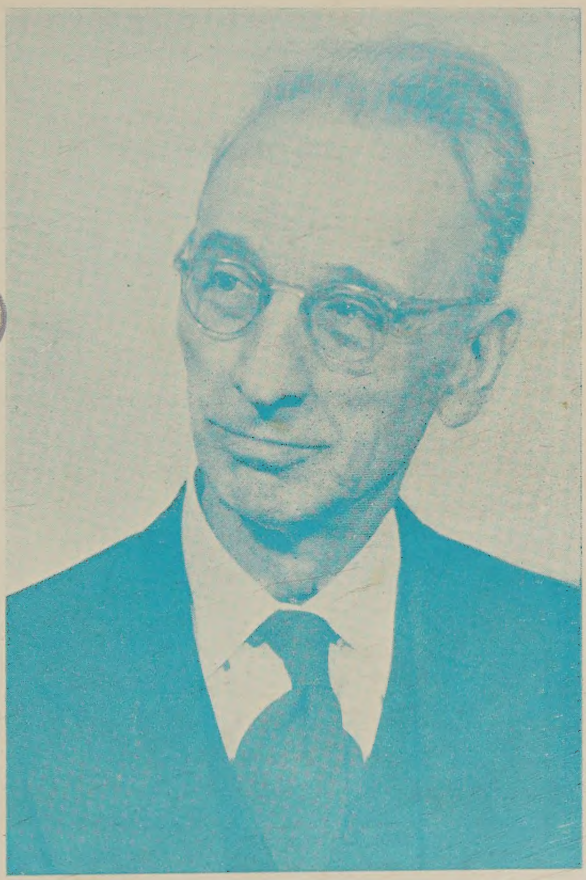

A. J. MUSTE

Paeifist

The Christer, by Milton Mayer

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ff A. J. Muste appears in this issue, rather fortuitously, in a triple capacity: he is the author of an article, the subject of another, and his picture is on the cover. His article is "The Price of Moral Authority," and it is complementary to the one a few months ago in which he argued that political action for pacifists now is a waste of time. This month he tells what he feels is the basic function and most important duty of a minority like the pacifist movement in these times of chaos. Milton Mayer's article "The Christer" is about A. J., a biography of the mind and spirit; and the picture of A. J. on the front cover was taken by Alfred Hassler. . . . John Swomley writes of his recent travels in Yugoslavia, Greece and Germany, where he neatly lifts off the lids to let us look down into the workings of the machinery . . . and Heinz Kraschutski, a German FOR member who went to Spain during the civil war to try to help the people, and who was interned there during World War II, tells what happened to his family in Berlin in the meantime, when the Russian army came in.

FELLOWSHIP
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The Christer

By MILTON MAYER

Trotsky was greatly interested in the personality of Muste, asked me questions about him and entertained some hopes that he would develop into a real Bolshevik later. . . . Muste's handicap was his background. He had started out in life as a preacher. But despite the handicap of this background, he gave promise because of his exceptional personal qualities, and because of the great influence he had over the people associated with him; his prestige and his reputation. He was, you might say, the last chance and the best chance; and even he, the best prospect of all, couldn't come through in the end because of that terrible background of the church. . . .

—James P. Cannon, in
HISTORY OF AMERICAN TROTSKYISM

IT WAS A SUNDAY MORNING, in the summer of 1940, on the shore of one of the Finger Lakes in upper New York, and silent worship was going on. A man stood up, a long stringy man about six feet high that you'd say had been disjointed and reassembled. He had a big sloping forehead wrinkled like the back of his pants knees, a big nose, big ears set at 45 degrees, a nice wide mouth, and a nice mop of brown and gray hair. You couldn't say how old he was; he had the seasoned skin of country men; it doesn't change much.

"If I can't love Hitler," he said, "I can't love at all."

Then he sat down.

Now it's against the Quaker ground rules—this was Quaker worship—to answer back. In Quak-

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er worship, you testify, if you are moved to, but you don't answer back.

But I wasn't going to let anybody get away with loving Hitler while I was around; that was carrying a bad thing too far. War, which made Hitler Hitler, and made Hitler worse, and made the next Hitler worse than the last one—war was one thing. Loving Hitler was another.

I would take this faker on, whoever he was, as soon as worship was out and it was legal to fight.

I never did somehow. Some seventeenth sense told me that he was out of my class. His voice, maybe; at once soft and precise. His eyes, maybe; clear gray eyes that peered through old-fashioned silver-rimmed specs, peering through and beyond you. But more than that, more than his hands, even, hands like Durer's, hands that you thought of shaping clay, or dust. What told me he was out of my class was the way he said those ten words, "If I can't love Hitler, I can't love at all."

He wasn't preaching or confessing. He was saying something to himself, and his voice had picked it up and amplified it; it came from the very center of the man. He had been moved to testify. I was getting the idea of Quakerism, and of A. J. Muste.

I thanked God (a la Swinburne) that I was not a Christian and didn't have to pretend, much less try, to be one. It was hard enough to be a Jew, even in America, and desperately hard in Germany; but anything was better than having to be a Christian and love your enemies.

Ten years later—in 1950—A. J.'s 65th birthday was to be celebrated with a series of dinners across the land. An offering, or collection, would be taken, and it always amounted, by the time A. J. got through with you, to more than you could afford.

Those eyes of his peered through those silver-rimmed specs, at you and through you like nitroglycerin through a bank vault. A. J. would shuffle disjointedly away from each of those birthday dinners with an old satchel full of money, and when the novitiates whispered, "Won't he even buy a new suit?" the initiates said, "Consider the lilies of the field."

At each of the dinners a union stiff spoke, along with a pacifist, a preacher, a professor, and a politician, each of them telling how A. J. had done more for unionism (or pacifism, or preaching, or professing, or politics) than he had for pacifism, preaching, professing, or politics.

"All I can remember about A. J. Muste after 20 years," the union stiff said, "is the time I went to the big Paterson strike meeting in the winter of 1931. I was down and out, on strike, and my shoes were so thin I could feel the cold through the soles. All the do-gooders were on the platform to pep us up and raise the relief fund. I was in the first row of the audience, and right up above me, on the platform, was this long skinny fellow. I never saw such long legs on a man, and he kept crossing them to get them out of the way, but pretty soon they'd start swinging, and I saw the bottom of each of his shoes; the soles were gone and he had newspapers in them.

"I turned to the fellow next to me and asked him who it was. He said: 'It's Muste.'

" 'Used to be a preacher,' said the fellow next to me, 'before he went straight.' "

II

AT THE AGE OF SIX, Abram Jakob Muste* went straight from Ellis Island, with his Dutch immigrant mother and father and brothers and sisters, to Grand Rapids, and straight from there to Hope College near by, and straight from there, with a year's detour into Iowa to teach within 25 miles of Anna Huizenga and marry her, to the Dutch Reformed seminary in New Jersey and into a little New York City pulpit.

He was going straight out of the ministry, as a result of taking some "higher criticism" courses at Union Theological Seminary.

As errand boy in the high school library in Grand Rapids, he had got into the forbidden shelf of evolution books.

Now he could no longer swallow Calvinist orthodoxy, and he was going to quit, when he was called to the Congregational Church in Newton, Mass. That was 1914, and he had already voted, in 1912, for Debs.

He seems to have had the confidence—it's called security now—that makes the difference between a mere rebel and a real revolutionary. His folks were poor, had always been poor, but they didn't think they were poor and had never been hungry; his father was a good coachman in Holland and a good furniture worker in New Holland. A. J. was the oldest son—"If you weren't an idiot, that meant the ministry"—and in college, besides romping through Bible and the classics and working in the library and dining-hall, he was captain of the state championship basketball team, state oratorical champion, and valedictorian. He was Most Likely to Succeed.

*He says it's Abraham John.—Ed.

III

AT 66 A. J. MUSTE CAN RIDE STEERAGE, which isn't torture in itself, without undergoing the torture of envy when he sees the first-class passengers. At 66 A. J. Muste can make a $100 or $500 speech for $10 or $25, which is just enough, or not quite enough, for vittles, without envying the speakers who make a $10 or $25 speech for $100 or $500. Insofar as choice is given men, A. J. Muste, with all his abilities, could have chosen differently, or, simply by refraining from choice, could have been a first-class passenger himself, riding on other men's backs instead of carrying them on his own.

In 1915 and 1916 America was moving to war and preaching peace (as in 1941 and in 1951), and the passengers, in and out of the Christian ministry, were hanging on heroically to the crowded Ship of State. (The Cross of Christ wasn't crowded.) A. J. Muste was no hero, though he was mistaken for one; twenty years later he met a parishioner from those days who said, "You saved my soul; if you had backed down in Newton, I wouldn't have gone on believing in God."

In the Dutch Reformed Church, they read Scripture uncritically; in the Union Theological Seminary, they read it critically; but when it came time to lay it down and choose between the Cross and the bunting, the critical and the uncritical were one with the Congregationalists—and the Baptists and the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Unitarians—of Newton, Mass. They hung the bunting on the Cross and went to Armageddon (1917 edition).

Little churches don't get big preachers often, and Newton didn't want to lose A. J. So they suggested a leave of absence with some nice Christian war agency like the "Y" or the chaplain corps. A. J. said thanks just the same, he was happy where he was, preaching Christ crucified. But when the first boy from the church was killed in France, Christ crucified was inadequate consolation to the Christian parents, and A. J. resigned. The first of his three children was a year old.

Who—as the Lord demanded of Job—feeds the young ravens? A. J. joined the Providence, R. I., Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. He served as volunteer parson at the Friends' Moses Brown School, which gave his family a place to live. He had helped organize the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an international association of Christian pacifists, and he represented the American Civil Liberties Union, which succeeded, at long last, in getting it through the head of Woodrow Wilson that whipping conscientious objectors in prison was a dispensable part of the War Effort.

In January, 1919, (his second child was born that year), normalcy hit the factories in Lawrence, Mass. The AFL's United Textile Workers' Union was in favor of accepting the boon of reduced working hours—for piece-workers. In the dead of winter, 30,000 workers walked out, and the AFL sorrowfully turned away. Three pacifists named Muste, Rotzell, and Long showed up at strike headquarters, and Muste was elected chairman of the strike committee and organizer (and later general secretary) of the independent Amalgamated Textile Workers.

The Lawrence strike was his first, and then, in the next decade or so, came Passaic, Paterson, New Bedford, Toledo, Minneapolis, Columbus, Allentown, Gillespie, Charleston, and some more. Sometimes they won, and sometimes they lost. Tom Tippett asked every parson in town to preach the funeral sermon for the six strikers who had been shot—all six of them in the back—by the company's private deputies. A. J. had to take time off the picket line to preach the funeral sermon, because the local parsons wouldn't. Beginning at Lawrence, he had to take time off from the picket lines, every now and again, for a stretch in jail.

IV

JIM CANNON, the Trotskyite who found that A. J., "the last chance and the best chance," could not overcome "that terrible background of the church," wrote of him: "Muste went out there"—the Chevrolet strike in Toledo in '35—"and exerted a considerable influence on the rank and file leaders of the strike. We got a lot of publicity from his activity, but nothing tangible in the way of organization. That was one of the weaknesses, it seems to me, of Muste's methods. He was a good mass worker, gaining the confidence of the workers very quickly. But he tended to adapt himself to the masses more than a real political leader can afford to do."

How can a "good administrator" and a "good mass worker" fail to produce anything "tangible in the way of organization"? Why, by adapting himself to the masses more than a real political leader can afford to do. "A Trotskyite," said Cannon on another occasion, "will do anything for the party,

even if he has to crawl on his belly in the mud." A. J. Muste was a good administrator and a good mass worker, but he could not crawl on his belly in the mud.

He could not believe one way and talk another and act still another. He could not believe in peace, and maybe even talk peace, and not be a pacifist. But neither could he believe in social reform, and talk social reform, and not get out on the picket line. If there is a conflict between pacifism and the picket line—where the picket line means the class war—it is a conflict that comes only to activists, never to talkavists. A. J. Muste could talk better than the rest of us, but he couldn't stop there.

By the time he became the first director of Brookwood Labor College, in Katonah, N. Y., in 1921, he was ready to let pacifism slide for the class war. He had seen four-year-olds spitting blood in the Carolina mills. By 1929, he was committed, however nebulously: he told the Brookwood graduating class that "Brookwood stands on the basis of the class struggle; a school which does not accept the capitalist system." By 1932 he had seen worse things than four-year-olds spitting blood. "I was pretty well convinced that the Marxist-Leninist position was sound; there had to be a revolution."

Poor Stalin! The task of making permanent the "temporary" terror—the "war Communism"—in which the Russian revolution was born had been lifted from Marx's shoulders by history, from Lenin's by death, and from Trotsky's by exile. If they had lived, if the revolution hadn't devoured the revolutionaries, the workers' democracy would have come, of course—but the revolution always devoured the revolutionaries. Stalin was to blame; Caesar, Napoleon, Alexander. A. J. Muste was a premature anti-Stalinist, singing, at Brookwood, as Trotsky sang in Norway, of what should have been, could have been, would have been —but never in all history was.

The AFL first supported Brookwood, timidly, but the students came, as always, from the advanced unions, primarily the needle trades and the miners. Then the AFL got scared; a little Roosevelt prosperity was all it needed to go back to its open opposition to organizing the unorganized, and to the class war. Vice-President Matty Woll, who wore a wing collar at lunch, got after Brookwood as a Red Menace; Brookwood hung up Gompers' picture next to Lenin's (or v.v.), celebrated May Day (as the AFL used to do), taught the class struggle.

The AFL disowned Brookwood; contributions dried up; A. J. organized the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, in the first instance to save Brookwood, ultimately to work "toward a revolutionary American labor movement." In 1933 the AFL directors of the collapsing school threw A. J. (and most of the staff and students) out. It took a few more years for Brookwood to collapse completely. What did the labor movement, with higher wages and shorter hours, want with education, much less with a movement to organize the unorganized; still less with Marxism-Leninism?

The CPLA became the American Workers Party and then merged, originally over A. J.'s protest, in the end with his acceptance, with the Trotskyites. In 1935 the Trotskyites took the "French turn" ordered by Trotsky to infiltrate and

control the Socialist parties, which had failed to withstand the rise of fascism in Europe. Again over A. J.'s protest, the Trotskyites split the Socialist Party, absorbed the left wing, and left the right wing fluttering around (which it still does) in the New Deal air. Thus the end of the CPLA and the American Workers Party—the "Musteites" of left-wing-splinter-party history. They had organized unemployed "leagues" (which collapsed when employment came) and, as Trotskyite collaborators (the Trotskyites regarded them as stooges), helped conduct the great automobile and truckers' strikes in Toledo and Minneapolis in the early New Deal.

Out of the welter of it all, the Trotskyites went on with the "permanent revolution," and, when the second war came, their leaders went into one of Roosevelt's New Deal prisons. They stuck to their guns—and I mean guns.

"The American worker," Trotskyite Cannon said (and Quaker Muste heard) in 1934, "is no Quaker. Further developments of the class struggle will bring plenty of fighting in the U. S. A."

A. J. Muste was, like the Trotskyites, and unlike the Stalinists, the Socialists, and the New Dealers, a true revolutionary. But he was not an intelligent revolutionary. He made the same mistake Marx made: he really believed in Marxism. He saw the workers with a capital W as a separate species. He saw Workers' Education, also with capitals, as a separate species of education. Workers would learn the interest of the workers, just as capitalists learned the interest of capitalists. In his Marxian innocence he mistook instinct for both learning and interest. The instinct of the workers was identical with that of the bosses; they both wanted the money, and the bosses happened to have it. The trade unions were no more eager to learn than the trade association; what was there to learn? They both knew, by instinct, all that they needed to know to pursue, in collision with one another, their common objective.

What had become of Christ crucified? He was there, in the mines, in the mills, in the factories, crucified by the bosses in caves, at looms, on assembly lines. He was there, all right. To preach (and to live) Christ crucified means (and it still means, and always will) to be a social revolutionary. But socialism, pursuing gold for the many, like capitalism, pursuing gold for the few, crucified its beneficiaries on the cross of gold. The true revolution would divide the gold as a matter of course, but the false revolution would simply transfer the gold and leave all mankind still crucified; that was all that was wrong with Marx.

In the summer of 1935 a troubled revolutionary—troubled by the discovery that oppression no more converted the oppressed than it did the oppressor—went to see the Old Man, in exile in Norway. The Trotskyites' God was really an old man with a beard, to be seen face to face by the faithful, and ever ready with new Revelation. The Mustes had never had a vacation, and the inevitable collection, taken by their friends among their friends, overflowed with contributions from people who hated Musteism and loved Muste.

His friends saw him—the class warrior—for the last time as the boat pulled out from Hoboken pier with his skinny arm raised in the

clenched-fist salute of bloody revolution. His letters from Honeuss, immediately after his meeting with the Old Man, were, even for an enthusiast like A. J., hysterical: "I am completely captivated by him." Trotsky, a little more cautiously, returned the compliment. The American Marxist revolutionary—who had once been a world Christian revolutionary—had met the world Marxist revolutionary.

V

THEN THERE WAS SILENCE, five weeks of silence from A. J. Muste, whose prodigious capacity for continuing correspondence wherever he was had always been a wonder.

Then Cara Cook, his assistant, got a "Landed yesterday" postcard from New York, and, a few days later, a single-spaced typewritten letter of 16 pages. "It's not true, it's not true, it can't be true," she kept saying as she read it.

A few days later, in Minneapolis, Vincent Dunne, the Trotskyite teamsters' union leader, got a letter from a friend. Two years earlier, in 1934, A. J. Muste had been one of the heroes of the great teamsters' victory there, and the union leaders had taken him by force to a clothing store and put a brand new suit on him. Now Dunne read the letter, whistled, and turned to his sidekick, Bill Brown, and said: "Bill, what do you think? Muste has gone back to the church."

Brown said: "Well, I'll be damned." Then, a few moments later: "Say, Vince, we ought to get that suit back."

But A. J. Muste had never left the church, and that was the complaint, down the years, of all his labor associates who found him, as Cannon put it, "the last chance and the best chance," but hopelessly incapable of crawling on his belly in the mud.

He had never left the church, as his students at Brookwood knew when they heard him say, again and again and again, in the course of their Workers' Education, "On the one hand . . . but on the other. . . ." He had never left the church to become a materialist—the first requirement of Marxism—because he was no more materialist in his heart and in his life than was Karl Marx, who created the fatal fantasy of materialism; he was no more motivated by economic interest than was Karl Marx, who said that all men were so motivated and himself starved in a London slum rather than "make a machine of myself" by grubbing for money.

A. J. Muste had never left the church because he had no more stopped being a pacifist than he had ever started being one. War is only an outward occasion for true pacifism. The true pacifist is pacific in his heart, and therefore in his relations in his home, in his work, and among his associates. A. J. Muste was a true pacifist. He preached the revolution the way so many true pacifists of his time preached it, as if nobody would be used for bullets. That infinitely gentle man never got the hang of hating and never really fooled anyone but himself. "Too much of a gentleman," said Jim Cannon, disgusted at A. J.'s treatment of the "reactionaries" in the Trotskyite movement. One of the other toughies of the revolution said it simpler: "Once a Christer, always a Christer. He's a Christer."

A. J. Muste went back to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, of which he is now executive secretary and the most revolutionary member—

leading the picket line in front of the White House and the Soviet Embassy and a Jim Crow restaurant or hotel; fasting all of Holy Week, at the age of 66, in penance for his country's new H-bomb; sending the Collector of Internal Revenue a copy of the Scriptures instead of a tax return; writing a hundred letters a day or reading a thousand, and turning out eloquent little books and pamphlets and articles, arguing the case for labor better than the unions argue it, the case for racial equality better than the social workers argue it, the day's news better, sharper, clearer, deeper than the newscasters argue it, and always arguing peace not quite so well as Christ argued it . . . not quite.

VI

NOBODY KNOWS BETTER than A. J. Muste that if he cannot love Stalin he cannot love at all, but he tried to love Stalin, in the labor movement, and he found out how hard it is. He will never be a professional anti-Communist; you will never find him rising with the Budenzes and the Chamberses to tell all (or more than all); but he does not yet see how pacifism, whose spokesman he is, can work with the Stalinists.

One of his reasons is irresistible: pacifism must make its witness everywhere and always against violence, war, and tyranny and always make this one witness if it makes no other; and this it cannot do in collaboration with Stalinists if for no other reason than that the Stalinists won't let it. All his other reasons are integrated with the problem of influence and effectiveness, with the danger of "the confusion of pacifism and communism in people's minds."

Remember, he speaks now for some 5,000 Christian ministers (besides some 10,000 laymen) in the FOR. Some 4,500 of those ministers wish that he would speak a little less loudly as it is, and they shudder a little when he comes to town. With this organizational preoccupation—remember, that was what the Trotskyites complained that he didn't have—A. J. Muste may not argue the case for peace quite so well as Christ argued it.

The voice of A. J. Muste, the voice of a man who is saying what he believes, and always what he believes, and only what he believes, grows louder as the end (of us, not of him) approaches. Young men come to him, as they come to the Quakers, and as the Quakers come to him, to work for him and with him. As old men give him money—and wish (or think they wish) that they were young again—so young men, in and out of the ministry, and across the country, gravitate to him in their search for the good, the true, and the beautiful, and stay there. The working staff of the Fellowship of Reconciliation is composed, I think without exception, of young and middle-aged men of extraordinary calibre. Some of them are fools for Christ, but all of them are fools for A. J. Muste. And in the smallest town, a preacher who is preaching Christ crucified—and the social revolution that goes with it—is an FOR member.

The letter that Cara Cook got exactly 15 years ago began:

"War is the central problem for us all today . . . and war appears to be imminent. . . . Every day the relations between the great powers grows more tense. Everywhere armaments are being piled up at a feverish rate. Everywhere men

wait, most of them, it seems, in a spirit of fatalistic resignation, for the signal to arms to be given. Not a few, their nerves worn with the suspense of waiting for the blow, express the hope that it may fall tomorrow, rather than the next day. And men of the highest standing and intelligence, like people in a panic at a fire, buy pieces of land in remote interior regions and tell you that there a handful of like-minded people will begin to rebuild civilization after the holocaust. . . . "

That was exactly 15 years ago. The letter goes on:

". . . . The labor movement has often been proclaimed as the dependable agency to prevent war. . . The claim has not been substantiated. . . . Nor is there any ground for looking to the USSR and the Communist International. . . Soviet and Communist leaders insist that Roosevelt, Baldwin, and all other political leaders should be judged by their actual policies, by the armaments they build, rather than by lip-service to peace in their speeches.

". . . It will be said that the official Communist movement has departed from Marxism-Leninism, a contention with which I happen to be in agreement. Would a genuine Marxist-Leninist movement be a dependable agency for the prevention of war? I have become convinced that it would not. . . . So far from combating the idea, which has become increasingly prevalent since the war, that violence is 'the only way out,' it accepts and encourages that idea. . . . It becomes for capitalist leaders an excuse for maintaining powerful armaments, supporting Fascist dictators, resorting to war. . . ."

Marxism, claiming its victory to be "inevitable," still demands that its adherents sacrifice everything, including life, for a world they may never see. But "no other designation than God really fits a force working for righteousness and brotherhood which demands complete devotion of men and which is invincible. . . ."

Thus, he went on, Marxism without God is an illusion; with God, it is no longer Marxism. The labor and revolutionary movements accept lying and cheating in dealing with the "class enemy," who lies and cheats; it ends in its members' lying and cheating in dealing with one another. It is lying and cheating and what they lead to—violence—that leads to the slaughter of the workers in war and the replacing of capitalism by Fascism.

". . . Thus, added experience, observation of the crisis in which mankind finds itself, and arguments which seem to me irrefutable, have brought me again to the position which I held some years ago; namely, that the dynamic we require for life of the individual and society is spiritual, Christian, and the method is, basically and essentially, that of nonviolence.

". . . To take the Christian position does not mean to justify or condone the capitalistic system. Quite the contrary. It provides the one measure by which the capitalistic system stands condemned. . . ."

The Christian Church failed in 1917. It would not preach, much less practice, Christ crucified; and A. J. Muste left it to work where Christ was crucified in factory, mine, and mill. It took him the best part of twenty years to discover that the labor movement (and the revolutionary movement, which captured a handful of laborers when times were "bad" and

lost them when times were "good") would not be anything but a capital movement until it practiced what the Church did not, namely, Christ crucified. And so he returned, "to confront the Church itself and its members with the fearful character of the crisis confronting the race and with the demand that they, above all others, square their deeds with their professions, take up their responsibility, gird themselves for the sacrifice necessary to put an end to war and exploitation, and to make the spirit that was in Jesus dominant upon earth."

The Christian Church failed again in 1941, and again in 1951. And so did the labor movement and all the other movements. Only a miracle will save any of them—and us—now (and we know it). But the labor movement and all the other movements, except the Christian Church, are forbidden to believe in miracles. The Christian Church, on the other hand, must believe in miracles or admit that it is not Christian. The miracle of the social revolution—Thy Kingdom come on earth—will work through those who believe in miracles or it won't work at all. All that A. J. Muste has to do is to convert the Jim Crow, capitalist, war-making Christian Church to Christ crucified, and his work is done.

Poem

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Each in his steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

—Ralph Chaplin

Imprisoned during World War I for his anti-war sentiments, which he held because of what war does to laboring men

What a household of defenseless women did when confronted by

The Russians in Berlin

By HEINZ KRASCHUTSKI

I WAS STILL IN JAIL in Spain when the Russians entered Berlin. Only my wife was in our house with our 20-year-old daughter and three old ladies.

When I read in the papers that the Allies had agreed to order their armies "not to fraternize," I knew what would happen. It meant a sentence to be violated against hundreds of thousands of German women.

Because, when a soldier has gone through an atrocious war, when he has suffered terrible hardships and has learned to be violent, he wants to relax. And for many a young man relaxing is not imaginable without a woman.

We should not blame them too much. The war is guilty, the military machinery, not those poor boys who have been forced by it to live a quite abnormal life, separated from any contact with the other sex at an age when sexual desires are strong.

When the order not to fraternize kept them from winning the company of a girl by persuasion, by being kind to her, which is the more natural way, they had no other means but violence. Terrible things were done by the Russian soldiers, who had suffered most of all, though not only by Russian soldiers.

The Russian commander at Berlin-Wannsee, where my family was living, did all he could to prevent the disaster. But the soldiers rushed into the houses in groups of twelve to twenty, to be stronger than any military patrol.

When such a group entered our house, my wife opened the door and asked them in. "What can I do for you? Do you want to hear some music?" She knew that the Russians love music, and they had not had any for a long time. So they would sit down in the drawing room and my wife would play Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, sometimes for hours. And then they rose, they thanked her for the pleasure they had had, and left.

Only once a Russian soldier seized my girl by the arm. My wife tried to save the girl, but was thrown back. Then one of the old ladies, a very small one, came forth, she put her hand on the soldier's shoulder, she even caressed his cheek, saying: "You are not a bad boy! I know you are not. You are quite a good fellow, aren't you?" The Russian of course did not understand the words, but perhaps he thought of his own grandmother. He smiled a little, embarrassed, let the girl go, and left the house.

At least twenty such groups of Russians were in the house in those days. The weak point was the girl. But she came unscathed through this experience. Nothing was destroyed in the house, and very little stolen.

One Russian, who knew some German, examined our library and discovered a volume of Heine. "Woman," he said, "that is prohibited!"

"I know," my wife retorted. "He was a Jew, so Hitler did not like him. But I do like the poems."

"So do I," answered the Russian.

Another Russian once stayed back alone when his comrades had left and said to my wife in rather fluent German: "With that pretty girl of yours you had better not stay in this house during the night. Go to some neighbors, where you are many, you are not safe here!" My wife followed this kind advice.

In the same street a man was shot in his house by the Russians. They asked him whether he had some wine in his cellar, which he denied. "Out with the truth! If we find the wine and you have tried to tell us lies, you will be shot!" "I assure you that there is no wine in the house." They rummaged the cellar and discovered some eighty bottles. They shot the man. I do not say they were right, of course they were not. But that man was a fool. He lost his life because he did not want to lose some bottles of wine.

I do not say that my wife's way to receive invading soldiers will work always. Perhaps not. But it is the only chance in such circumstances. And it is certainly the noblest way to resist an invader.

Let us never forget that the Russians, in spite of all the efforts of the political people and the press to persuade us of the contrary, are human beings. Treat them as wild beasts, and they will behave as such. Gandhi taught us to look for the divine in every human being, and to be of good will towards everybody. My wife's experience with the Russians shows that they should be included.

Hope

The great prospect for peace in the world is that, for the first time in history, the arms are in the hands of the peaceful peoples, whose economic and technical forces are superior.—Edmond Giscard D'Estaing, president of the French and Foreign Finance Company, before the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce.

War weary world, here's cause for hope!
These weapons that you see, though horrible
Belong, in large degree, to us who love the peace.
To frighten devils is their main excuse.
They're real, you understand, and made for use,
But only as a last resort, and then regretfully.
We'll bomb and burn and kill most ruefully
With long-range good in mind.

—Neil Ray Hendricks

The Price of Moral Authority

By A. J. MUSTE

EUROPE IS NO LONGER CHRISTIAN, according to Andre Trocme. It is no longer possible over there to assume that people accept as standards or ideals—however much practice may fall short of them—the concepts born out of the Judaeo-Christian heritage. Systems such as fascism and communism, which recognize no transcendent standards, take the ascendancy, and those who oppose them no longer have a sure faith and clear standards of their own, so that their opposition is ineffective. Here in America, Trocme feels, we have not yet reached this stage, but we are merely living—politically and spiritually—on the accumulated spiritual capital of the past, and it will not be long, unless a radical change intervenes, before we shall be where Europe is and experience what Europe has experienced.

None of us wants this to happen. But how is it to be prevented? If Europeans could not prevent the material and, more importantly, the spiritual catastrophe that has overcome them, are we any more intelligent or courageous or possessed of a more firmly grounded faith?

A perfectly apposite case is contained in Kay Boyle's* account of a fine German woman, professor of philology in a Hessian university. One night in 1948 she began to talk to Kay Boyle about her experience and behavior under Hitler. "It was a gradual process," she began. She told of the first *Jews Not Wanted* signs appearing at the entrance to her town. No one saw a way to protest. "After a few months, not only we, but even the Jews who lived in the town, walked past without noticing any more that they were there." Next the town synagogue was burned. Reluctantly she put a picture of Hitler up in a room in her home which she used as a classroom. The law required this. She put up the cheapest picture that satisfied the requirements.

Some months later she did twice refuse to take the "loyalty oath" to Hitler but finally succumbed to the argument of her students "that I was committing myself to nothing, and that I could exert more influence as a professor at the university than as an outcast in the town."

After a pause, the German professor said that she now had a picture of a Jew, Spinoza, where Hitler's had been. "Perhaps," she concluded, "you will think that I did this ten years too late, and perhaps you are right in thinking this. Perhaps there was something else

* Leading American short story writer, in her recent book *The Smoking Mountain*, McGraw-Hill, 1951.

we could all of us have done, but we never seemed to find a way to do it, either as individuals or as a group, we never seemed to find a way." Obviously, it is that last sentence that knocks you back on your heels, especially as you suddenly wonder whether we in this country today behave in any way that is essentially different from the way in which this woman and millions of anti-Nazi Germans behaved.

Conformity Behind the Iron Curtain

The director and co-director of research at Harvard University Russian Research Center* have recently, without having that specifically in mind, made a very illuminating contribution to the question with which we are wrestling. They have 30,000 pages of notes on interviews with several thousand emigrés from Russia and other Iron Curtain countries, reporting on what is happening in these lands and the attitude people hold toward their regimes. With their conclusion that "the theory of the imminent collapse of the Soviet regime" is baseless, we are not here concerned, though it is to be hoped that our policy makers will take careful note. It is the explanation the emigrés give of why there is so little resistance to the regime on the part of millions of ordinary, decent Russians or even on the part of persons like themselves who turned definitely against the regime, that sheds such helpful light on our problem.

There is, of course, the fact of secret police terror. But the Harvard researchers find little evidence even of the less risky forms of protest such as under-performance of tasks, and are convinced that other explanations must be sought for the fact that for the most part people in the Soviet lands "go along," not merely accepting or submitting to the regime but generally cooperating in its day-to-day functioning.

These explanations come down to two, one of which has to do with the nature of the political and social order under which people live and the other with their personal attitudes and behavior. As for the first, the authors point out "the grinding effect on individual initiative and autonomy, which follows from life in the modern totalitarian state." People are "overwhelmed by the ramifications of the systems of controls in Soviet society—*the system overpowered, paralyzed, almost hypnotized them.*"

On the subjective side, conformity and nonresistance arise from the desire of people to go on living, not merely in the physical sense but as members in a society that functions, giving them at least a measure of security and an opportunity to exercise their abilities. It is clear that this phenomenon has its creditable and also its noncreditable, or even discreditable, aspect. On the one hand, many people first want to go on existing, in no matter what form. They lack courage. They stand silently by when the innocent are tortured and go by on the other side of the road when they lie in the ditch. They are ambitious and will pay a price for advancement in shops, professions and public or Church offices. Furthermore, there is the immense force of inertia. The Harvard researchers point to large numbers

* Alex Inkeles and Raymond A. Bauer, New York *Times* (Sunday) *Magazine*, November 21, 1951.

who had been "long alienated from the regime and who, indeed, actively collaborated with the Germans after capture" who *"nevertheless fought bitterly to the end, frequently after being severely wounded!"* Nationalistic sentiment is of course a factor in this dread inertia. A very large number of the religious youth in our own colleges, incidentally, today decline to take the pacifist position or make any radical efforts against war, on the ground that "you can't separate yourself from your own country or society, even when you can't respect them any more."

On the other hand, there are such creditable factors as pride in workmanship, the desire to protect one's family or friends against the suffering that may be inflicted on them if one becomes known as a dissenter, the feeling on the part of teachers that children and youth ought to have an education, and so they go on teaching even though in doing so they are "perforce serving the interests of the regime," and so on. We recall Kay Boyle's account of what the German professor's students told her when she refused to take the Hitler "loyalty oath."

The upshot of it all, the emigrés and the Harvard wise men report, is that "even those whose rejection of the regime was categorical learned to live under it, *stripped of either the possibility or the will to resist openly.*"

It is hardly necessary to point out how accurately all this describes the situation in which peace-minded people and pacifists in this country find themselves today and their reactions to the situation. Here, too, there seems to be an ever narrower field within which the individual can exercise a real choice and take action that promises to be "effective." The professor does not wish to aid and abet the militarization of the colleges, but shall he resign when an ROTC is set up on the campus? And if he does, what comes next? The pacifist hates to pay war taxes, but how shall he avoid doing so? The usual protests against war preparation seem to make no impression, but if one comes to be identified as a "fanatic" in the community, loses his job or his social standing, what then? We, too, are already nearly "overwhelmed by the ramifications of the system of controls" in our society. The "system" overpowers, paralyzes, almost hypnotizes.

We Too

Similarly, in the subjective reactions of Soviet citizens today or Germans before World War II we see our own subjective reactions mirrored: the scientist who works on an Army or Navy-financed research project, even perhaps one that is not entirely unrelated to war preparation; the Christian theologian or minister who is convinced that we are unlikely to have peace in our time as long as the Christian Church compromises with atomic and biological war, yet makes this a peripheral item in his life and work and goes on serving the interests of an ecclesiastical regime that is thus compromised; the university professor or dean in a similar dilemma; the church member or pacifist who keeps still when Communists are deprived of civil liberties in his community lest he be called a Red; and so on.

Leaving out of account the question of our ability to do so, our ob-

ject in this article is not to present definite answers or programs. It is mainly to suggest that we have here the problem that, perhaps beyond any other, ought to occupy us as the new year begins to be studied and prayed over by individuals and local groups and cells, to form the main topic perhaps in a number of retreats. For the rest, I want to try to make some brief comments relative to our approach in this search.

It need hardly be said, though it should be recorded, that this is above all not a realm in which one is in a position to sit in moral judgment over another. We need to be aware also that if all of us—and some perhaps more than others—are tempted to be too conforming and complaisant in the face of endlessly complicated problems and vast repressive forces, others may be betrayed into hysteria and posturing.

What Is Lacking?

Nevertheless, with the example of what has happened and still is happening in other countries, and the clear evidence of how far we have gone toward militarism and how mighty the drive toward reaction before us, we must recognize the validity of Andre Trocme's warning. This country will experience what Europe, Germany, the Soviet lands, have experienced, and we shall stand by, "overpowered, paralyzed, almost hypnotized—stripped of either the possibility or the will to resist," unless we find "that something else" which until now neither we nor they have found.

One inference we clearly must draw is that we may encounter difficult and bitter times. If our ability to live in hope and good cheer depends upon outward success, we may be doomed to despair, and despair may lead us to withdrawal or even treason. It is curious that in our day some of those who are most insistent that it is an error to make a "success" story out of the Cross, tend to be optimistic about the secular outlook and what can be accomplished by essentially secular and political means—about the possibility of "success" with the Cross left out. On the other hand, an unshakable optimism is possible for those who know that in this world, or age, we shall have tribulation, since they also know the power which has overcome this world.

This does not mean resignation to defeat or to a fate to which our land or our age is foreordained. There is no such fate. What it means is that we have to strive as never before to find those other things that need to be done if catastrophe is to be avoided, to become the vehicles of that power which overcomes the world, to pay the price of redemption that we have not hitherto been aware of and willing to pay. What we must not do is to acquiesce, to stop struggling, to yield to paralysis and to being hypnotized by the monstrous forces with which we find ourselves confronted.

The Price of Moral Authority

At this point, it seems to me, all peaceminded people, sincere Jews and Christians, and pacifists not least, need to ask themselves whether they do not have to detach themselves in spirit, and if need arise, as it well may, disentangle themselves in fact from the culture, the institutions, "the world,"

of our time. The Scriptures and the history of our times on which we have commented seem alike to teach that lesson. As we have seen, it is both their more commendable traits and their less commendable traits that keep people in lands threatened by totalitarianism from divorcing themselves unconditionally from the trend and that cause them to acquiesce once a tyrannical, diabolical and godless regime is established. There was, as Jesus and the apostles recognized, good as well as evil in scribes and Pharisees, as in many Greeks and Romans.

What is wrong with them all is that they cannot overcome the desire to be accepted of "the world," to be functioning and "useful" and respected parts of it, cannot bear to break with it, and therefore cannot enter into "the kingdom of heaven." The jobs of the people in Jesus' parables were too important and constructive to leave. Their parents had to be looked after or decently buried. They could give up something, but not sell all they had in order to buy the pearl of great price. Not a few, like the Rich Young Ruler, are magnificent people who actually lack only one thing, but they cannot supply that. Thus the publicans and sinners enter into the kingdom rather than the righteous; not many noble are called. The noble and wise cannot leave the "city," the culture which they grace and from which they derive their true nourishment, and therefore do not undertake the journey to the "city" that God gives to the foolish.

Nothing in the aspect of our time or in the Gospel gives us any reason to think that there will be redemption without suffering, remission of sins without the shedding of the blood of the martyrs, which is the only blood that has greater power and higher virtue than the blood of soldiers, the sword of Caesar and the wisdom of "the world."

The Seed

We have to be prepared to accept the truth that Jesus symbolized by means of the seed which must fall into the ground and die, and the epistle to the Hebrews is the moving reminder that Jesus "suffered without the gate. Let us therefore go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Power will not be lacking to those who make that journey out of the city to the hill of humiliation and anguish beyond its gate, out of Jerusalem which is, that they may help to bring down out of heaven the holy city, new Jerusalem.

Frank Lea, until a couple years ago the editor of *Peace News* (London) in his book, *The Seed of the Church,* has given a powerful exposition of how this was demonstrated by the Early Church in the Graeco-Roman world. He points out that "the Christian pacifism such as Origen professed" carries with it not only "the possibility of military defeat" but all its "concomitants: including the slaughter of our own nearest and dearest if we protest against the slaughter of others" nearest and dearest.

But for this the Church was prepared. "The Christian had to sacrifice everything to God as often as he was called upon to sacrifice anything to Caesar." Yet, he points out, there were thousands of Christian martyrs. How did this come about? They had counted the cost beforehand. "The follower of Jesus had to learn to 'hate' his

father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters as well as his own life. Only a Church that could demonstrate its readiness to give up all could so impress the population of the Empire as to become its moral authority; and in order to give up all, Christians had to give up much. The Christian Church paid to the last drachma the price of moral authority in the Roman world."

Can anyone doubt that here we have in principle that "something else" which alone can create a moral authority in our own world and ward off the descent of another Dark Age upon it? To accept this and to work out, individually and corporately, what this means from day to day seems to me to be the task of the Fellowship, whether it be here or elsewhere in the world.

Mother and Child

"I consider it the clear duty of the Security Council to take the necessary steps to restore peace in that area [Korea]" . . .

—Trygve Lie, United Nations

Pause for a second, wind, breath of the night
Blowing steel-pricks of ice into my spine,
Swirling the husks of winter, charred and smoked,
Over the dead and dying land. Pause, wind,
Not to give me sight of a home destroyed,
Of a small house, smalled now into dust
By the bundled men from North and South. Friends?
Who is Friend but Warmth? He who builds a fire
In a wretched hut and smiles. Who is Foe?
Only he whose eyes, dulled from the pain, lost
To brighter days, knows fear, and hates all man.
Pause for a second, wind, blower of fright,
Chilling the calling hearts whose rags no fur
Will mend. Not to rest from my journey, death
To death, homeless and unafraid. Not rest,
Not food, not shelter, now, cold wind. But peace . . .
To feel this flesh—buried within my coat,
Howling and hungry, life of my life, seed
Of a short-lived hope, lost one, the wind-bred,
The flame of too many flames, the woe-sum,
The atom-heart, the god-gift—take my breast.

—Rhoda Reith

What it is like in Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Germany—

On the Rim of Russia

By JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.

"WHEN IS A DICTATOR not a dictator" is the riddle confronting Americans who visit Yugoslavia. Even the answer, "When receiving American aid," contains only a half-truth. Marshal Tito is still the law, even though democratic dollars mysteriously lend an aura of respectability to what he does.

Upon entering Yugoslavia I was immediately aware of what is meant by a police state. A number of police who travel with the train periodically go through each car to check passports and identity cards. Nor is it a routine check, for each card's photograph is carefully compared with the face of the passenger. Each card also contains other information. One English-speaking Slav told me he had a black mark on his identity card that made it impossible for him to hold a responsible or well-paid job, despite his chemical skill. He got this mark because he had tried to leave the country by crossing the border into Austria. Although some have been shot for such attempts, he drew a four-month jail sentence and a job classification whose earnings barely keep him alive.

There is, of course, no possibility of open political opposition to Tito. On the other hand everyone, including those who are most critical of the regime, admits that since 1950 totalitarian measures have been somewhat relaxed. No one with whom I talked had any hesitancy in complaining about the regime. Either people did feel more free to talk or else conditions have become so bad that unorganized criticism is taken for granted. Those with whom I talked thought that there were two reasons for the relaxation of political and economic controls. One was American aid and the desire to assure the flow of dollars by pleasing the West. The other was a belated attempt to encourage popular support of the regime.

Yugoslavia, which literally means "Land of the South Slavs," is a Federal Republic consisting of six "People's Republics" organized on the model of the Soviet Union. These are Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia, Montenegro, and Macedonia. Three-fifths of the country, the interior part, is too mountainous to be arable. The country therefore depends for its food on the plains and river valleys of the north and east. A bad drought such as that of the summer of 1950 could wreck an economy that is, for political reasons, isolated from trade with its Communist neighbors.

American economic aid, which now has totaled about $180 million, was therefore indispensable to Yugoslavia. There is evidence on all sides of a country in serious trouble. Outside Belgrade, at the confluence of the Danube and Sava rivers, is an abandoned city that

was intended to house all government departments and foreign embassies. It was given up for lack of money and materials, even though huge structures of steel and concrete had already been erected. There are other instances of projects undertaken and abandoned, or delayed for years, because of bad planning, or shortage of skilled workers or materials.

Trade Deficit

The deficit in foreign trade for 1951 has been estimated at almost $185 million, which means that even with American aid and approximately $15 million expected from England and France, Yugoslavia will be just about breaking even. The need for dollars plus the serious inflation is reflected in the contrast between the official rate of 50 dinars for $1 and the black market of 600 dinars for $1.

The urban worker as a result of the shortages, the inflation and the nationalized stores with their controlled prices, finds commodities scarce and prices high. I visited one of the largest of the state "cooperative" stores in Belgrade and found it not only quite small compared with stores in the West but also dark and unattractive. The merchandise was plain, without variety, and of grade B or C quality. An ordinary rubber ball was priced at 260 dinars, which at the official rate of exchange would be about $5. A cheap sweater like a polo shirt was listed at 1500 dinars, or about $30.

The peasant has an even harder time in some respects. Because the government wanted to take peasants away from the farms to fill labor shortages in the cities, and because it would be easier to collect the crops from collective farms where there is a government manager or inspector, there has been under Tito a drive to collectivize farms. Peasant resistance to such collectivization has been strong, and before the break with Russia Stalin had criticized Tito for being too soft with the peasants. The peasants claim that the state keeps them in perpetual poverty by taking away the bulk of their crops.

In order to remove internal opposition at the time of the external or Russian threat, Tito has temporarily stopped setting up new collectives everywhere except in Macedonia, the southern republic on the Greek border. During the past year the proportion of collectivized land in Macedonia has been increased from 50 to 62 percent, in some cases by blockading villages until the peasants yielded.

In Skoplje, the capital of Macedonia, I learned that the peasants are sending in streams of applications to the government requesting permission to leave the collectives. The regime has replied that Yugoslavia's rapprochement with the capitalist United States did not mean that peasants could now "destroy the collectives and other socialist bulwarks in the villages." One creative aspect of collectivization is the attempt on the part of the government, with the help of American agricultural missions, to modernize farming—a job that is easier done in collectives than with individual farms.

In addition to economic aid from America, Yugoslavia has received more than $100 million in military aid. Although there is unquestionably a military threat from her pro-Russian neighbors, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Albania, the people do not seem to live under

he same fear and hysteria about war and Russia which is so apparent in the United States. Yet here is obviously real distrust and resentment of Russia. At the same time there is a great interest in and curiosity about the West, especially America. Despite all of this I was told again and again that many Yugoslavs would rather forego American aid, particularly military aid, since it strengthens Tito's government and bolsters the military and police control of the country.

There was no attempt to guide tourists so that they would see only what the government wanted them to see, although foreigners were required upon entering any city to register at Putnik, the official travel agency, and were expected to stay in one of the two or three government-approved hotels.

At the Greek border, there were very few soldiers of either country, though until recently there had been border clashes and guerrilla warfare between the two nations. Our train crossed the border at 6 A.M., and then was held up until 9 o'clock because there was a general strike in Greece, and work on the railroad was at a standstill until 9 A.M. each day. The strike, which was amusing to Yugoslavs, to whom no strikes are permitted, was called because of the inadequate wages. Postal service and many other services were completely discontinued. The situation did not seem to bother the Greeks, who philosophically took everything as a matter of course.

In Athens there are great extremes of poverty and wealth. Refugees live under very crowded conditions. Terrible poverty exists side by side with serious inflation, 15,000 drachma being the rate of exchange for one dollar. A meal in a second or third-class restaurant costs between 10,000 and 15,000 drachma. Strangely, there is no black market in dollars worth talking about. The official rate of 15,000 also prevails in the black market, though previously a black market dollar was worth much more. The reason for this shift in the value of the dollar is chiefly the end of the immediate danger of Greece's going Communist. The rich were buying up dollars during the Communist threat so that if Greek currency became worthless they would be holding American money.

Problem of Corruption

One of the major problems in Greece is the corruption of the upper classes. Prior to the Communist uprisings, the rich were aware of growing Communist strength and growing unrest. In order to be sure of not antagonizing the Communists and of being on the winning side regardless of who the victor might be, many of them made substantial contributions to the Communist Party. When the revolts began, all the fighting and destruction took place in the middle and lower class districts, and none in the upper class sections from which the Communist Party was getting its financial support even while using propaganda against the rich.

Today the American government is pouring money into Greece, but most of it is going to these same rich people, for it is allocated by the Greek Government. The government may use the money to subsidize an airline or a new farming operation. In these instances, the money goes to people who are

already well off and does not reach those in dire need. A Greek doctor told me that American money had made possible the purchase of X-ray machines. They were not used, however, to check the lungs of the poor, for the government radiologists were required to spend their time doing work for the heads of government, their friends and financial backers, who received this service free.

American officials are not doing this out of malice. They simply have not taken the time or trouble to get to know educated liberals who have the welfare of the people and country at heart. Instead, the American mission there deals with and fraternizes with the political and economic interests who find it profitable to cultivate the Americans.

No Incentive

In addition to this corruption in Greece, there is an attitude which the casual visitor might mistake for a national temperament. This is an easy-going, long-suffering, apparently unambitious approach to life. The Greece of today has lost the dynamic and sense of going somewhere that the ancient Greeks had. There are better elements in Greece who still believe in the future; but those I met felt more of a desire to pursue their destiny outside of Greece than to lead the struggle within.

There are thousands of Communists in concentration camps in Greece. There are also many Greek children in Communist hands in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Many were undoubtedly captured and carried off to be brought up as Communists, but I also learned that many mothers asked Bulgarians to take their children and educate them rather than have them continue under the conditions then obtaining in Greece and with the constant threat of guerrilla war.

In other words, the problem of whether Greece goes Communist has been settled only temporarily. Until something more fundamental is done in Greece to build the standard of living of the peasants and poorer classes, and until democracy can be divorced from privilege for the few, the government of Greece is likely to be an uneasy one depending on its support from Washington. This support is likely to continue as long as the cold war lasts, as is support to Yugoslavia and Turkey, for these three flank the Soviet position in Southeastern Europe and guard the gateway to the Black Sea as well as the Danube and all air-ground routes to the Mediterranean.

Turkish Development

From Greece I went to Turkey. In her cities the degree of westernization is startling. Stores and markets abound in Western merchandise, and I found very little that was "made in Turkey" except towels, rugs, and a bit of silver jewelry. American prestige is high, higher than in any other country in this part of the world. Both in Istanbul and Ankara I found a desire on the part of people to visit or to settle in America.

Turkey is conscious that she is an underdeveloped nation with much land that is not in use, and is making use of American personnel as well as material resources to change this picture. There is a sizeable military and naval mission in Ankara, the capital, as well as technical aides who are civilians.

The Turks are on the southern border of Russia and straddle the Dardanelles, which Russia has coveted for years as a channel to the Mediterranean. Yet they too are quite calm about the "Russian threat." As one Turk put it, "Russia is not a new threat. We have had a common frontier for centuries." I saw little evidence that communism had any real foothold in the cities, though it is possible that there is real party strength in the rural area among the tribesmen.

Having come so close to the perimeter of Russian communism in Southeastern Europe and the Middle East, I wanted to have at least one experience in Russian-dominated territory before leaving for home. The one place where this is possible without special permission is East Berlin. Although the dividing line between the Eastern and Western sectors is clearly marked, neither side makes any attempt to check the free flow of foot traffic from one to the other.

Berlin is like a city living near a volcano—constantly alert. But perhaps it could also be described in terms of the spirit that dominates rival high school football teams, though the rivalry is more serious. The atmosphere was even more electric than usual since my visit coincided with the closing days of the big World Communist Youth Festival. It was impossible to tell how many young people were in Berlin, for there were throngs of them everywhere. There were supposed to be 26,000 foreign Communists who came to take part in the festival, and some estimates of German participation passed the million mark. These numbers are startling to the West, where participation in such a program would be voluntary, but every village and town in East Germany had its quota of youth who had to reach Berlin. In some cases the village had to send children as young as 10 and 12 to fulfill the quota. One Protestant pastor attended with his 12-year-old daughter because he wanted to know just what his child would be doing.

Highly Organized

East Berlin had a carnival air. There were huge standards at intervals along the streets, each with a loud-speaker at the top. All day and on into the night there was music, generally martial in nature, blaring from these loudspeakers. Occasionally the music stopped for city-wide announcements in German, French, English and Russian. At night traffic was stopped on Unter den Linden and young people folk-danced the length of the street. There were huge pictures of Stalin, Lenin, Marx and Grotewohl everywhere. Special "world friendship" caps and kerchiefs were worn by the boys and girls. But the one dominant color was blue, for every member of Germany's Communist youth organization wore a shirt of deep solid blue. Where the brown shirts of the Hitler Youth had once paraded there was now an enlarged parade ground and outdoor stadium for marching blue shirts.

Despite the fact that this was a "peace" festival, efforts to stir up hatred were more than obvious. I came across a huge composite picture of Hitler and Truman. One side of the face was Hitler's and the other side Truman's. In the Soviet House of Culture there were pictures and exhibits from the Ko-

rean war. One portrayed hundreds of dead Korean civilians in a trench. Underneath was the explanation that American war criminals had killed these unarmed and defenseless people. Russian tanks and other weapons of war were displayed as a part of the "peace" effort. Here, in less refined form, was the counterpart of American war propaganda, for in America Universal Military Training was being publicized as "training for peace" and the only atrocity stories coming out of Korea depicted the brutality of the other side.

Study in Contrast

Upon leaving the Russian sector of Berlin I noticed a sign: "You are now leaving the Democratic sector," just as when you leave the western sectors you will find similar signs warning that you are leaving the British or American or French sectors. The Communists made no effort to halt the foot traffic, but did try to prevent youth delegates from riding by subway into West Berlin. While riding back to the British sector one night I saw the Eastern police board the train at the last Eastern stop, examine passes of festival delegates and forcibly eject those who had hoped to continue into West Berlin.

West Berlin is of course a good antidote to Communist propaganda. There has been quicker recovery in the West. The rubble has been cleared more rapidly and rebuilding begun. The stores are filled with all kinds of luxury items as well as necessities. Television sets are on display and functioning until late at night in shops that sell them. U. S. Army reception centers entertained East German youth with meals and ice cream sodas. This study in contrast, plus the low value of East German marks in relation to those of the West, were the West's strongest propaganda. Also in the West's favor was the housing shortage in the East and the fact that despite "classless society" propaganda the majority of delegates slept in tents, on straw in cellars, or on attic floors, while high Communist officials and non-German delegates got rooms in hotels.

Heavy Indoctrination

Despite the fact that in West Berlin the East German youth could evaluate Communist propaganda about the West and note its shortcomings, the tremendous youth program of the Communists must not be underrated. I felt as I watched the program, saw the posters and repetition of slogans, that someday this indoctrination of youth might have military value for the Soviet Union, just as it did for Nazi Germany. It has already had some effect, for buses bringing passengers from western Germany to Berlin were stoned by Communist youth as they ran the gauntlet of youth delegates before they could get into the western sector.

The poverty and need of Berlin are still great, but so is the solidarity of the people. Many in the Western part who receive packages from America, or who manage to improve their lot from their own earnings, are sharing with those in the East. Prices of many commodities are high with coffee, for example, at $4 a pound in West Berlin. Consequently coffee, cocoa, sugar and other choice items are carefully hoarded in the homes of FOR members and Friends for the

Christmas party or other celebration to which they invite needy people from the East.

I talked with friends who had moved from the relative security of West Berlin to the East because there is a shortage of skilled personnel in East Berlin and the need is so great.

At this level, charity is love and aid springs from deeper racial and family necessity than governments can ever understand in their use of food to serve their politics. But even government aid can upon occasion touch the heart, as it did in the Berlin airlift when an enemy was fought without guns and those who gave and those who received made equal sacrifices. It seemed fitting to leave Berlin from the giant Templehof airport, in front of which the people of West Berlin, who lived without coal and with little food during that terrible winter, had erected their monument of appreciation. I could not help feeling that if America would place its struggle with Russia on the level of competition to meet the needs of the people of the world, the people would with equal sacrifice respond in democratic achievement.

MORE ABOUT HATE

My enemy is a bold, bad man;
He slapped me down, and away he ran;
But I arose with purpose grim
And righteously ran after him
And I slapped him harder, to prove my breed
Is very superior indeed!

My enemy hates with a bold, bad hate,
So I his hatred emulate;
I'll triple his hatred, sooner or later,
To prove that I am the greater hater;
For when he blunders, I must make
A more superior mistake!

So poison for poison, cup for cup;
He shoots me down and I blow him up;
His hate hates me and I hate his hate,
And a very superior man I rate
Since I became doubly as hateful as he—
Or—what does that make me?

—Helen Drusilla Bell

News from the Peace Front

National Council Considers Tax Levy, Subsistence Secretaries

The December meetings of the National Council of the FOR were held in New York on the weekend of November 29-December 1. Subjects discussed ranged over a wide field, including the Japanese treaty, the FOR retirement age, getting "subsistence secretaries" to work for the FOR, the tax levy on George Houser's salary, and other matters.

Subsistence secretaries: Before the war and during its early years, young FOR members, usually in college or seminary, did FOR field work in their own schools and in nearby communities, mostly on weekends. They had no dependents, and what they received helped them pay their way in school. These young secretaries did a great deal of extremely valuable work. Among those who later became full-fledged members of the FOR staff were John Swomley, Caleb Foote, Bayard Rustin and Herman Will.

During the war young men in that age group were drafted, and the program became impossible, but a reservoir of such people is growing up again. The Council heartily endorsed the idea of temporary field workers on a subsistence basis, and the staff will be on the lookout for prospects.

The idea of reopening an office in the South was also discussed, and while the budget continues to be extremely tight, the possibility of finding subsistence workers there seemed to present a chance to begin work in the South without having to curtail it elsewhere.

Personnel: In February Nevin Sayre plans to transfer his full attention to the work of the IFOR. He will continue to organize the trips in this country of people like Muriel Lester and Andre Trocme, will travel throughout the world himself on IFOR business, etc., and will continue to serve as Chairman of the American IFOR Committee. Next spring he and his wife will go to South Africa for the IFOR.

A. J. Muste will lay down his responsibilities as National Secretary in September 1953 following his 68th birthday. He will, however, continue thereafter as a full member of the staff with such assignments as may be worked out by him and the National Council. (The Council decided that such retirement should take place at the end of the program year rather than the calendar year in which a person's birthday falls.) The Council affirmed its confidence in the work of the present staff, and particular mention was made of the fine job John Swomley has done on the administrative duties that have been gradually transferred to him by A. J. Muste.

It was also decided that the Personnel Committee should be on the lookout for a person to serve as Co-Secretary with John Swomley on A. J.'s retirement as National Secretary. The hope is to

nd someone who would have the espect and enthusiastic support f both those who believe in the nore quiet personal work and the irect action group; someone who as deep roots in the church espe- ially since we are emphasizing vork in the churches; and someone ualified to do the kind of inter- retive and prophetic job on the vorld scene and the role of the OR that A. J. Muste does.

UMT: John Swomley reported on he present plan which the UMT Commission has submitted, and vhich it envisions as permanent. See memo in December issue for urther details.) Congress has ound itself to act on the proposal vithin forty-five legislative days fter it convenes in January. This s a matter in which local action, ducation among your neighbors nd in your community, letters to Congressmen and other officials, an have real effect. A great deal f very good literature is being ut out. Send for a list and then rder as much as you can use.

Church and War Youth Confer- nce: A conference, similar to that eld in the spring of 1950 at De- roit, will be held for young people nder the sponsorship of the FOR, he denominational fellowships, nd some other church groups. It will take place in Columbus, Ohio, n the weekend of April 25-27, and ts theme will be the problem of he relevance of Christian pacifism o the world struggle. George Houser and Bayard Rustin of the FOR and Martin England of the Church Peace Mission are working n this. Any young people who may e interested, or anyone knowing young people, should get in touch with the FOR or CPM.

IFOR: Andre Trocme, who spent September, October and Novem- ber speaking throughout the country, reported on his impressions. The United States today is living on its reserves of spiritual capital rather than creating new values, the same mistake Europe was making fifty years ago, he said. The consequences in Europe were war and communism; and here, he says, there is a process of gradual fascization going on. We must not let the prison doors close on us without crying out, but must announce our message and witness to our faith constantly. He also urged the founding of small religious communities that would be a sign of the new world which must come. We must be an "angular stone over which our chaotic age will be obliged to stumble."

Nevin Sayre reported on the work of the IFOR throughout the world. In Japan the first national conference of the FOR was held in November; in India an all-India conference of the FOR; in South America the work has gradually expanded. Muriel Lester will make a trip to Kenya soon; the Sayres will go to South Africa in April and May; and Bayard Rustin may go to Africa after attending the world Friends conference in London next summer.

Claud Nelson, Andrew Roy and John Swomley were elected by the Council as American representatives on the IFOR Council which meets every two years, usually in Europe, to discuss policy.

Religious Basis of FOR: In connection with the adoption of a statement of purpose by the Japanese FOR, and an application from Ceylon for permission to start an FOR group there, the Council discussed at some length the religious basis of the FOR. In the United States, while a very

high portion of the members are Christian, men and women who have reached a belief in love and nonviolence through other faiths are welcomed into membership on exactly the same basis. In Great Britain, and in fact most of the other national groups, however, the statement of purpose makes much more extensive use of Christian terminology, and the membership is confined almost exclusively to professing Christians. The Japanese group has adopted a statement of purpose purportedly following the American one. There are many people who believe that all FOR groups should be specifically Christian, or that they should at least emphasize the Christian basis and background of the movement (as does the American statement of purpose) so that in countries where other religions predominate its basic character would run no risk of being changed. In Ceylon, for example, the majority of the people are Buddhists.

The Council felt that this was too big a subject to be settled at once and, also taking into account the feeling of some that the expression of religious belief in the American statement was theologically old-fashioned, appointed a committee to consider the matter, composed of Walter Muelder, Nevin Sayre, A. J. Muste, Robert Weiskotten, Culbert Rutenber, Donald Harrington, Francis Hall, Mary Ely Lyman, and John Oliver Nelson ex officio. The suggestion that the FOR budget could be easily raised by charging admission to the meetings of this committee was reluctantly dismissed.

Civil Liberties: The Council called attention to its decision of some time ago opposing the Smith Act under which American Communists have been convicted of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence, and decided to support the American Civil Liberties Union in its campaign to secure the repeal of Sections 2 and 3 of the Act. The Council felt a deep concern for the state of civil liberties in general and urged individual members to be alert to fight against encroachments of any kind in their own communities, where the really basic work must be done.

Amnesty: The Council sent a letter to President Truman urging that amnesty be granted to all wartime COs.

Spiritual Life: The Spiritual Life Committee, appointed at the previous Council meeting, announced its program of work with individuals, promotion of cell groups and retreats, the fostering of prayer vigils and prayer chains on special occasions, of intercessory prayer, and of family prayer, and its concern to see that a spiritual emphasis is brought more into FOR activities in general.

The Committee suggested a possible personal discipline which the Council commended to the members for their use and guidance. It included two periods of prayer daily for the individual, one at least 15 minutes long; a brief noon hour prayer for all those participating; attendance at one retreat a year; simplicity in material things; a weekly study period in pacifism; membership in a cell group; three hours a week devoted to witnessing for and promoting peace; and one weekly sacrificial meal. Those interested in personal disciplines which may help the individual to be more effective as a pacifist and in relation to God may wish to practice some or all of these

isciplines. The Committee will be ad to give any guidance and en- ouragement it can to those who ish it, and will be glad to hear om any people participating, specially those who wish the soli- arity of such identification. Write o Francis Hall, Kingwood Com- unity, Route 1, Box 72A, French- own, New Jersey.

Tax Levy: The Council discussed he levy received by the FOR de- anding payment out of George ouser's salary of taxes for 1949 nd 1950 which he had refused to ay. There was considerable dis- ussion of the position of the FOR s a withholding agent, and also of he fact that while the FOR is not equired to withhold George's axes, since he is a minister, it is in ffect forced to do so by paying he levy. It was the concensus of pinion that in principle this is- ue was not different from that of ther employes, not ministers, who o not wish to pay taxes but have o choice since their taxes are ithheld. It was decided by a vote f 10 to 4 to honor the levy and hat the staff be instructed to pay imilar fines in the future. The asic question of continued with- olding will be taken up at a future xecutive Committee meeting on he basis of a report to be made by committee appointed at the No- ember Executive Committee eeting to study the problem.

New Members and Officers: *Chairman,* John Oliver Nelson

Vice-Chairmen, Charles Law- ence, Mary Ely Lyman, Walter Muelder, Mrs. Henry Hill Pierce, Douglas V. Steere, and Dan West.

Treasurer, Clyde Teter

Assistant Treasurer, S. F. Boden

In addition to the officers, the xecutive Committee will consist of the following: Corinne Bowers, Lindley J. Burton, William Clark, Phillips P. Elliott, J. Martin Eng- land, Mrs. B. Wallace Hamilton, Constance Muste, Ruth Neuendorf- fer, Dorothy Nyland, George L. Paine, E. A. Schaal, Dewees Sing- ley, Arthur L. Swift, Jr., Lyle Ta- tum, William O. Tilenius, John W. Thomas, Robert Weiskotten and DeWitte Wyckoff.

CONSCRIPTION!

UMT will come up in Congress soon—if it passes, it will be permanent, and the longer it continues the more impossible it will be to repeal it. Below is a list of anti-conscription literature, most of it new and written to this issue. Buy as much as you can to give away, send out in mailings, pass out on the street.

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Japan Treaty to Come Before Congress

The FOR National Council adopted a statement of vigorous opposition to the Japanese Peace Treaty and the accompanying Mutual Security Pact which will come before the U. S. Senate after it convenes in January, because they "definitely provide for the revival of a Japanese military establishment and for the stationing of American forces in Japan." This is fundamentally incompatible with the disarmament clause of the Japanese Constitution, and is opposed by a considerable body of public opinion in Japan itself.

Presented to the Council was a statement opposing rearmament and any military pact between Japan and any foreign power, issued by the all-Japan conference of the National Congress of Japan for Promoting Peace. This Congress represents various labor, religious and liberal organizations with an estimated membership of 3½ million, and was discussed in the November issue of FELLOWSHIP in the article by the Buddhist monk, Gyotsu Sato. The membership conference of the Japanese FOR in September likewise issued a strong statement of opposition to the pact. Both these statements are available in mimeographed form, and may be obtained by writing to A. J. Muste at the FOR office. *The Women of Japan Speak,* which contains the statement of a group of Japanese members of parliament, is also still available from the FOR office. It is excellent material to use in an educational campaign against ratification of the Treaty and Pact.

The statement adopted by the National Council of the FOR, which is also available on request, calls attention to the intolerable economic burden which a military budget would be to Japan, and the additional economic difficulties that will result from her identification with the western bloc and consequent cutting off from natural economic contacts with China and Russia.

The Japanese parliament ratified the pact, though there were substantial votes against it in both houses, but any specific steps toward rearmament will have to be voted separately. Groups in Japan are continuing a vigorous campaign against rearmament. Individuals can do a job of education in this country, as well as making their opposition known to Senators.

COs Sentenced; Two Acquitted

Ollie Sanderson of Huntsville, Alabama, was sentenced to 3 years in prison on April 23 by Judge Seybourne Lynn.

William Zeo was sentenced to three years by Judge Clary in Philadelphia on October 11.

Henry Koster and Edmund Baron were given 5 years each by Judge Samuel H. Kaufman in New York City on October 17.

Arthur (Ted) Woldorf of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was sentenced to one year by Judge Guy Bard in Philadelphia on November 8. All the above were convicted for refusal to report for or submit to induction.

Anthony Mallia of New Britain, Connecticut, was acquitted of refusal to submit for induction on

October 11 because a written summary of his personal appearance before his draft board was not included when his case went to the appeal board.

Howard Everngam was acquitted of refusal to submit to induction by Judge Harry E. Watkins in Huntington, West Virginia, because a hearing officer had previously ruled against giving him CO classification because he was a Catholic. The hearing officer himself was Catholic, and objected because he said his religion did not require a man to be a CO.

James Bolton, Gerald Counts and Richard Cameron have been released on parole.

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